MENTAL GULAGS

(poems)

(volume 1)

-by B. Edwards

September, 2018

MENTAL GULAGS (part 1) :

it's another one
of those late ones
the voices beings
are all over the electric.....
the white noise vines
that have grown
from recording devices
and have spread
from room to room

I suspect......
it's really all about
taking their power away

don't believe
any of it
except to believe
that it's all bullshit

those who have heard them
know what I mean

I'm hearing them now
as a stream
of telepathic
slanders and lies

slander and lies
nefarious propaganda
broadcast down the halls

my condo is alive
with chatter
from dimensional
fascist

down the halls
down the halls

goose-stepping voices
that feed the fires

down the halls
down the halls

decrees of separation
sentences to mental gulags

gulags within the mind
gulags in......
the darkness of the night

gulags within the shadows
in the corners
of the room

gulags of silent moments
an unsettling silence
silent is everything
but for the voices

the voices
are clearly there
promoting with astral loudspeakers
their self-ascribed
complex of superiority

a phonic dystopia

a perimeter
of stockades
and rusting barbed wire
comprised of audio frequencies

here is the moonless night

yet audio bayonets
can be seen
in the dim light

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2.

tonight
the voices
in the background
trying to interfere
but not interfering much
trying to disseminate
a voices tyranny
but not disseminating much
the voices
trying to derail the night
but not derailing
much of anything
the voices
trying to oppress
but not oppressing
trying to succeed with this
but not succeeding

the voices
cannot touch
this wall of indifference
this wall of defiance

the voices have failed
and the night is reclaimed

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9/2018

3.

the voices tonight
are speaking
in a higher frequency
but that is
the only higher thing
about it

their words
fall low
to the ground
and then sink

their minds seem
like cold bricks

they pierce the silence
with serrated audio

they are here
to inject
thought venom

and all
of these
poisonous lies
ricochet across
the room

it is time
for lights out
in this audio prison

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9/2018

4.

it's one in the morning
can't sleep
seems like I'm often
punching out
these insomnia poems
at one in the morning
but this is no
regular insomnia

as soon as I tried
to sleep tonight
I could feel
the other presence

"entities"

starting up
with the voices
and the damn aggravating
physical shit

I can hear them
speaking in whispers now

the voices are here
and they know what
they're doing

call me crazy
if you want
but what does it matter
that won't make them
any less real

it's one in the morning
and real entities
are causing me insomnia

the battle for sleep
continues
it's being waged again tonight
just like it has
on so many nights before

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5.

the voices
have been telling me
something about
asteroids
something about space
something about Earth
a million years ago
something about next Thursday

about demons
about Satan
about aliens
about dimensions
and something
about next Thursday

the stories always change
they rotate through the lies

they staple contradictions
to the walls

8MM films
of lies

dark voices
lying voices
conniving voices

confusion
has been realized

why do they talk
and lie
so damn much

I just want
to close my eyes
and let sleep
carry me to peace

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9/2018

END

9/2018